They haue their wiſedome, by their wit to looſe.
Ner. The ancient ſaying is no hereſie,
Hanging and wiuing goes by deſtiny.
Por. Come draw the Curtaine *Nerriſſa.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Where is my Lady?
Por. Heere, what would my Lord?
Meſſ. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate
A yong Venetian, one that comes before
To ſignifie th'approching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth ſenſible regreets;
To wit (beſides commends and courteous breath)
Gifts of rich valew; yet I haue not ſeene
So likely an Embaſſador of loue.
A day in Aprill neuer came ſo ſweet,
To ſhew how coſtly Summer was at hand,
As this fore-ſpurrer comes before his Lord.
Por. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-fear'd
Thou wilt ſay anon he is ſome kin to thee,
Thou ſpendſt ſuch high day wit in praiſing him:
Come, come *Nerriſſa*, for I long to ſee
Quicke Cupids poſt that comes ſo mannerly.
Ner. Baſſanio Lord, loue if thy will it be. *Exit.*

Enter Salanio and Salarino.

Salan. Now, what newes on the Ryalto?
Salar. Why yet it liues there vncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a ſhip of rich lading wrackt on the narrowe ſeas; the Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous flat, & fatal, wher the carkaſſes of many a tall ſhippe lie buried, as they ſay, if my goſſips report be an honeſt woman of her word.
Salan. I would ſhee were as a lying goſſippe in that, as euer knapt Ginger, or made her neighbors beleeue ſhe wept for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without any ſlippes of prolixity, or croſſing the plaine highway of talk, that the good

Antho-

Anthonio, the honeſt *A*
to keepe his name comp
Salar. Come, the ful
Sal. Ha, what ſaiſt th
Salar. I would it mig
Salan. Let me ſay A
prayer, for heere he con

Ente

How now *Shylocke*, wha
Shy. You know, nor
Of my daughters flight
Salar. That's certain
That made the wings fl
Salan. And *Shylocke*
fledg'd, and then it is th
Dam.
Salar. That's certain
Shy. My owne fleſh a
Salan. Out vpon it o
Shy. I ſay my daugh
Salar. There is more
then betweene Iet and
there is between red wi
whether *Anthonio* hau
Shy. There I haue and
who dare ſcarſe ſhew h
vſd to come ſo ſmug vp
he was wont to call me
wont to lend money fo
bond.
Salar. Why I am ſure
what's that good for?
Shyl. To baite fiſh w
feed my reuenge: he h
million, laught at my lo